CLIFTON COLLEGE

ENDOWED SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

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DEDICATED

TO THE SACRED MEMORY

OF THOSE WHICH HAVE NO MEMORIAL

AND ARE BECOME

AS THOUGH THEY HAD NEVER BEEN BORN

PREFACE

In every issue of the 'School Lists' term by term there appear the names of Scholarships and Prizes and their winners. At the time the endowments are first made it is known to all who is the founder, or in whose honour they are founded, but as the years go on the recollection becomes fainter and the name with which the Prize or Scholarship is associated gradually loses its meaning. In this way the object of the foundation may be lost. The purpose of many of our prizes is to keep alive in the School the memory of those who have done Clifton great service and whose presence here has enriched the life of the place and sometimes added lustre to our history. Winners who benefit by these endowments must often wish to know something of those with whom their own names are linked, and many besides winners will be glad to have this knowledge. It is to make these names have a real meaning and to keep the memory of our benefactors alive that this book has been compiled by Mr. G. H. Wollaston. All Cliftonians know how long and intimately he has been

associated with the School. Of most of those whose names are recorded he was a close personal friend. The idea and execution of the book are his. The labour of preparation has been a delight to him, and that it is his doing enhances its value for us. His object will have been attained if his work serves as a lasting memorial of those whose memory ought not to be forgotten.

J. E. K.

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THE CAY MATHEMATICAL SCHOLARSHIP OF £20, FOUNDED IN MEMORY OF THE LATE C. H. CAY (ASSISTANT MASTER)

Charles Hope Cay, the son of Robert Dundas Cay, W.S., was born in Edinburgh on April 26, 1841. He was educated first at the school of the Rev. T. R. Wyer at Peebles, and afterwards, 1854–1858, at the Edinburgh Academy, where he gained the Senior Mathematical Medal and the Clerk-Maxwell prize. He entered at the University of Edinburgh but did not proceed to his degree. In 1860 he was admitted to Gonville and Caius College at Cambridge, of which he was a Scholar from Lady Day, 1860, to Christmas, 1865. He was bracketed Sixth Wrangler in 1864, and was elected Junior Fellow of his College, Christmas, 1865. He came to Clifton in January, 1864, and died at Mentone on December 22, 1869.

Charles Hope Cay.

I have been asked to give some account of Charles Hope Cay. It is a labour of love to me; but can I succeed in it? Can I draw in words the portrait of one who, more than any other man I have ever known, had the simplicity, the ardour, of a child, whose affections were so spontaneous, so plain to be read in his quick eye and his mobile

lip, whose spirit so much seemed to be opening and expanding in a world in which all things were new? But, alas! he had also the unguarded carelessness, the defencelessness, of a child; and hence he died before the promise of his youth could be fulfilled in a riper manhood.

I was first introduced to him (on my arrival at Clifton in 1864) by Graham Dakyns, who spoke of him as of a person of more than ordinary interest; and as such he was universally regarded. But his imprudences, as regards his own health, were great. Working his hardest for the School and for his own pupils in it, he did not seem to think it mattered how much he overstrained himself in doing so; and, as the landlady of his lodgings was apt to oversleep herself, he often went without his breakfast and had nothing to eat until one o'clock in the day. Hence, as the term went on, he got more and more ailing, and at the end of it he was seriously ill. It was evident that he needed a long rest; and the authorities gave him leave of absence for two terms, that is, in effect, till the following September. His place as Mathematical Master was temporarily taken by Alfred Marshall, since famous as a political economist.

One of my earliest recollections of him is his asking T. E. Brown for his advice as to a course of philosophical reading; and Brown vindicated his credit as an Oxonian by supplying Cay with a long list of philosophers of repute, whose works

might be studied with profit. (It was the only time, during all my long friendship with the illustrious Manx poet, that I ever heard him talk of philosophy at all.) But circumstances were not favourable for Cay's becoming a philosopher; literature, however, he did study, and always with an independent spirit.

As to his active exercises, what was most brought before me (though it did not stand alone) was his being a member of the Alpine Club; and it was particularly remarked that, after his laborious work at Clifton in the Summer Term of 1864, he went straight to Switzerland, and, in the course of the next few days, went up the Jungfrau, with hardly any of the preliminary training that most people would have thought necessary before making so great an exertion.

At the end of 1864, as I have mentioned, he was suffering from a serious illness. When he had, to some extent, recovered, he went to Rome and spent the remainder of the winter there. I myself left Clifton (where I had been a Master for over six months) at the beginning of April, 1865; and, at the suggestion of Mrs. Percival, I went to Italy to meet Cay and to 'take care of him'. I must confess, however, that notwithstanding his real delicacy of constitution, his energy for immediate practical purposes much exceeded mine; and, as I was at that time far from strong, he rather took care of me than I of him.

We were three months together in Italy, Tyrol, Austria, and Germany. Together we saw the Dante Festival at Florence on May 15 (the six-hundredth anniversary of Dante's birth) and marked the delight of the Italians in their newly won liberty. Cay had studied Italian art while he was at Rome, and I remember his delight at the Francias in the gallery at Bologna, and at Tintoretto's 'Crucifixion' in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice. But even more do I remember his great spirit in Alpine walking, most of all the night that we spent on the lofty rock plateau under the Dachstein, uncertain of our way and consumed with thirst.

It was a matter of course that I never saw so much of Cay afterwards as in those three months in 1865, but I corresponded with him and visited him at Clifton; with my wife I visited him and his wife at the beginning of the year 1869. His marriage had been the greatest pleasure to me; his death, at the end of 1869, was the greatest sorrow.

I might say more; and, indeed, what I have said is inadequate; but I fear lest it may be, at the same time, too much.

J. R. MOZLEY, April 8, 1914.

THE KILLIGREW WAIT GEOGRAPHY PRIZES, FOUNDED BY MR. W. K. WAIT

William Killigrew Wait, Merchant of Bristol, son of William Killigrew Wait, and grandson of Daniel Wait, High Sheriff of Bristol, 1793, and Mayor, 1805–1806, was born on December 21, 1826, at Cote, near Bristol.

He was educated at Bristol College, and among his school-fellows were Walter Bagehot and Sir Edward Fry.

For many years he sat on the Bristol Town Council, first as representative of the Central Ward, and afterwards as Alderman. He was Mayor of Bristol in 1869–1870. From 1873 to 1880 he was Member of Parliament for Gloucester.

W. K. Wait was a strong Conservative and High Churchman. He was a generous supporter of Clifton College, and a member of the Council from 1877 to 1891.

He died at St. Vincent's Hall, Clifton, on December 13, 1902.

THE PERCIVAL SCHOLARSHIP OF £20, FOUNDED BY OLD CLIFTONIANS TO COMMEMORATE THE HEAD-MASTERSHIP OF DR. PERCIVAL

John Percival, son of William Percival of Brough Sowerby, Westmorland, Yeoman and Farmer, was born on September 27, 1834.

He was educated at Appleby Grammar School.

Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford, 1854. Junior Mathematical University Scholar, 1855. Double First Class in Moderations, 1856. Double First Class in the Final Schools, 1858. Honorary Fourth Class in Law and Modern History, 1858. Fellow of Queen's College, 1858.

Assistant Master at Rugby, 1860–1862. Head Master of Clifton College, 1862–1879. Honorary LL.D. of St. Andrews, 1876. President of Trinity College, Oxford, 1879–1887. Prebendary of Exeter, 1871–1882. Canon Residentiary of Bristol, 1882–1887. Head Master of Rugby, 1887–1895. Bishop of Hereford, 1895.

A Page in The Percivalian Epoch.

I entered Clifton College, somewhat suddenly, a day or two after the term had begun, in January, 1868, and remained there till the end of the Summer Term of 1872, four years and a half.

It is difficult in a few lines to describe the character of the period, but I think all who know would say at once that these were very momentous and formative years in the history of the school, and also in the history of Dr. Percival's reign, of which they were the very core and centre, and of his marvellous influence. When I arrived he had been head master for six years, and six years after I left he was elected President of Trinity, and resigned the office of head master a few months later. Almost all the chief assistants whom he appointed, and whose names are so indelibly associated with the early growth of the school, were masters during this period:—Dakyns, Brown, Hartnell, Poole, Cay, Phelps, Marshall, Harris, Oakeley, Armitage, Dunn, Wiseman, Bartholomew, Watson, Barrington-Ward, Evelyn Abbott, Perry, Grenfell, Collins; others like Tilden, Tait, Hall, and Wollaston followed in less than a year, as well as those other officers and servants, who in their way were also important factors, W. D. L. Macpherson, John Skelton, Waspe, Dryland, and Bounsell.

When I arrived, there were still many boys in the school who had been there from the first. The main central traditions of the school were just forming. Many great records were made in those years: the first Balliol Scholarship; the first entry into Cooper's Hill; in cricket, Tylecote's famous innings of 404 not out, the first victory over Sherborne, the first victory over Cheltenham; E. J.

Davies's performance in the long jump. The school was just becoming really large and 'finding itself'. In the year before I arrived it had passed from the 'two hundreds' to the 'three hundreds', and when I left was mid-way in the tale of the 'four hundreds'. The School Library, Dr. Percival's gift, was opened during the same period, also the Baths, and the first racquet court. Almost everything was in the making, and especially the constitution of the school. The powers of the Sixth, in the Houses or in the School, and also the Town, the rules of Big Side and Big Side Levée, had to be settled as occasion arose, not without a view to the future.

The period then was undoubtedly one of growth and expansion. How did it appear from within? It seemed to us no less than the dawn of a new age, the creation of something which, while like, was yet unlike any school that had gone before. Outside the school the age was one of optimism, of eager chivalries and idealisms. It was the time when Tennyson was completing the 'Idylls of the King', that rich expression of the idealistic spirit of the central Victorian epoch; when in particular he fitted into its vacant place that splendid canvas, 'The Holy Grail'. Whatever may be felt about them now, these 'Idylls' had an immense influence upon us as boys at the time. The contrasted knightly types, Galahad, Percivale, Lancelot, Bors, the sage Merlin, above all King Arthur himself, were very much to us. Side by side with Homer and

Greek history, they gave us our standards. We saw them in our Head, in our Masters, and in our comrades. We had many heroes and leaders, some lesser, some greater—Tylecote, Norman Moor, Cecil Boyle, Finney, Cluer, Don, Rundall, and others.

Undoubtedly as we progressed up the school and came nearer ourselves to the real management and control, everything seemed to run up into and derive again from the Head. My first impressions of Dr. Percival, which I shall never forget, were that he was an austere man, gathering where he had not strawed, ever piling on duties moral and intellectual, with little enjoyment himself of life, and teaching others not to look to enjoy, but to serve and to achieve. Later the prosperity of the school, and perhaps improved health (for when I first knew him he often seemed jaded, and physically depressed), seemed to mellow him and we discovered that he had a sense of humour and even of fun, and that he could not only awe, but attract and attach. The granite peak to which we had looked up with distant awe glowed in the sun as we got a little nearer it. In his lectures on the Old Testament and St. Paul, in his inculcation of Plato's *Republic*, a very important part of his Sixth Form teaching, he gave us glimpses of wider interests and sympathies, and even of poetic traits which shot through the duller texture of the work-day stuff he taught us at ordinary times to weave. Other influences too, as we moved on, had begun to be felt, the warm, eager, stinging

sympathy of Dakyns, the large easy cosmopolitan and philological interests of Armitage, the fine Cambridge scholarship and philosophy of Dunn, the rich and thunderous, if somewhat inexplicable, music of Brown, the artistic scholarship and culture of Oakeley. A very rare and special influence too were the lectures of John Addington Symonds. It is enough to say that the Sixth Form of my time heard in their first freshness, as school lessons, the famous 'Studies of the Greek poets'. But it belonged to the greatness of Dr. Percival himself that none of these influences, varied, and even variegated, as they were, seemed really to come into conflict with the keen white light of his dominating moral ascendancy and impulse. He could work with all tools. Some of his colleagues, if undoubted geniuses, seemed the less fit to be assistant masters. But he swept them all along. What has struck me ever since has been the momentum which was given to the ship in those days, and which carried her on through many a year after. It certainly was for us a wonderful time, when day by day we struggled forward to a goal, the realization of an ideal school, too young, too innocent to know that life could not be all like this, that even the future of the school itself would not proceed for ever on these lines.

To all this strenuous straining, the Chapel seemed to give a sanction, a voice, and an inspiration. Far beyond any other influence, these were found in

Dr. Percival's own sermons. Week by week we looked forward to these utterances with intense eagerness, and were not disappointed. Hard sayings, they yet arrested and held us spell-bound. I seem to hear now from out of those far-off days the north-country accent, penetrating in its melancholy *timbre*, still more penetrating in the home truths which it put before us so fearlessly, in a sense, so sadly. They seemed a strange mixture of confidence and despondency, a challenge which half expected not to be listened to, yet a challenge which could not be denied. There is one passage in particular in his sermons, published in 1880, which perhaps may be quoted as typical, a passage from the sermon on the *Unaccomplished Work of Schools*:—

'I think of the time when, from some school, under some influence which as yet we know not, there shall go forth a new generation of men who shall be characterized, not by some special gift, not by some literary accomplishment, or some varnish of culture, but by a combination of gifts and strength and spirit, which shall stamp them as prominent workers, if not as leaders and prophets, in the next stage of our country's progress. There is abundant room, to say nothing of the crying need, for these missionaries of a new type, who shall be men of cultivated and disciplined intellect, enlightened and strong; who shall be sworn to the new chivalry of personal purity and the suppression of the baser animal appetites; who shall be men of simple and pure tastes, no epicurean sentimentalists, the declared enemies of luxury, whether vulgar or refined; men, again, in whom public

spirit and social purpose shall be practical and guiding motives, not vague and intermittent sentiments, who shall feel the call to alter those conditions of life, which are working so destructively in all our cities; men who, with all this, are not bigoted, who shall have learned to know that earnestness and toleration are not incompatible, who shall have no respect either for that spurious young man's liberalism, which is the child of indifference, nay, which is begotten by shallow criticism of cynicism as its mother, and nursed by luxury and want of faith; above all, men whose life shall be guided by a serious and humble and reverent spirit, who may fairly be described as faithful, and religious, and devout.

The thought of such a race, you will say, perhaps, is the idle vision of a dream. Yet, brethren, it is the vision of the only city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God.'

I have come since to know many other schools and colleges and societies, to see that we had the defects of our qualities if they had theirs. Like the Rugby of Arnold, we certainly had our code and our lawgiver. We may have been prigs. We may have seemed so then, or even seem so now, in this avowal. All I can say is that I have tried with absolute sincerity to recall my recollections of the spirit, the *ethos*, by which we conceived ourselves to be pervaded, and to state them with absolute frankness. I sometimes wonder now that it should have been just such, so simply and so strongly, but just such I believe it was.

T. H. W.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE SCHOLARSHIP OF £20, FOUNDED BY MEMBERS OF THE JEWISH FAITH IN RECOGNITION OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A BOARDING-HOUSE FOR JEWISH BOYS

BERNHARD HEYMANN, the son of Zadok Heymann of Hamburg, was born in 1835, and was educated at the Talmud Torah School of that city under the Right Rev. Dr. Isaac Bernays, Chief Rabbi. From 1854 to 1878 he was occupied in private tuition in London; in the latter year he came to Clifton on the Modern Language Staff and was appointed by Dr. Percival first Head of the boarding-house for Jewish boys, Hamburg House, a post which he held till 1890.

The task set to him was a very difficult one, and entirely novel. He was a foreigner by birth, and had been educated abroad; both he and the boys who came to him were quite ignorant of public school life, they had no tradition to help them. But his own firmness and determination to make the House a success, aided by the loyalty of the boys and, as one of the latter writes, by the unfailing tact and charm of Mrs. Heymann, overcame all obstacles; from the first he had the support of the Head Master, he very quickly won the sympathy and the esteem of his colleagues, and when he

left us in 1890 he bequeathed to his successor, J. Polack, a House in all respects a part of the School.

It was in recognition of the hospitality of the School in welcoming the establishment of the new House that the Jewish Modern Language Scholarship was founded in 1881.

THE FOX PRIZES FOR SCIENCE, FOUNDED BY SOME OF THE MASTERS TO COMMEMORATE THE SERVICES OF DR. E. LONG FOX AS PHYSICIAN TO THE COLLEGE

Edward Long Fox was the eldest son of Dr. Francis Ker Fox of Brislington House, near Bristol, where he was born on March 18, 1832. He was educated at Shrewsbury under Dr. Kennedy, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where Jowett was his tutor.

The Oxford Honour School in Natural Science was started in 1853 and E. L. Fox was the first man to take a First Class in it, which he did in 1854. As was the Shrewsbury custom at that time he wrote to his old Head Master to ask for a half-holiday for the School in honour of his success, but Dr. Kennedy, though he congratulated him kindly enough, refused his request with considerable contempt. Only Classics counted as Honours at Shrewsbury in those days.

He was afterwards at St. George's Hospital, and took his M.B. degree in 1857 and his M.D. degree in 1861 at Oxford. He started practice in Bristol in 1857 and was for twenty years one of the Physicians to the Royal Infirmary. Till within a few months of his death, on March 28, 1902, he

was Chairman of the Gloucester, Somerset, and Wilts branch of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, and the foundation of the Sanatorium at Winsley was largely due to his efforts.

'That Dr. Fox was willing to add the medical responsibility for the school to his already overworked life in 1862 was due to his friendship for and faith in Dr. Percival, and he continued it under Mr. Wilson until his resignation in 1882.

'He loved Clifton and he firmly believed that Clifton College would make the name of Clifton "a praise upon the earth". The distinction and security which his name as "School Doctor" gave to the young and struggling school can only be realized by those who remember the weight which the name of Dr. Fox carried in the West of England in the middle of the nineteenth century. He saw his hopes realized, and when his friend Dr. Fyffe succeeded him he never lost his affectionate interest in the School.'

The writer of these lines, and all who recall his personality, remember him not only as a great physician, but also as a singularly handsome, witty, agreeable, and generous friend, and as a loyal supporter of every good cause. His memory deserves to be kept green.

THE QUEEN VICTORIA GOLD MEDAL FOR MODERN HISTORY, FOUNDED BY THE HEAD MASTER (REV. J. M. WILSON) TO COMMEMORATE THE JUBILEE OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

James Maurice Wilson was born on November 6, 1836, in King William's College, Isle of Man, of which his father, the Rev. Edward Wilson, M.A., was Head Master. In 1848 he entered the College, of which T. E. Brown was then the head boy. Brown, as an Oxford man, used to revisit the School, and thus a life-long friendship sprang up between the two men who were afterwards so closely connected at Clifton. In 1853 Wilson went to Sedbergh School, and in 1855 he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge: in his first year he was elected a Classical Scholar of the College and also Bell's University Scholar. He then turned to Mathematics, and was Senior Wrangler in 1859, but he was prevented by a temporary breakdown in health from going in for the Classical Tripos.

He was at once appointed by Dr. Temple, Head Master of Rugby School, as Science Master; and was in succession Senior Science Master and Senior Mathematical Master. At Rugby he was the friend and colleague of J. Percival, who in 1862 became the first Head Master of Clifton College.

He was thus closely connected with Clifton College, and with several members of the staff, including H. G. Dakyns, from the beginning. In 1879 he came to Clifton as Head Master in succession to Dr. Percival, who had been appointed President of Trinity College, Oxford.

Great material development of the College took place during his Head-mastership. The East wing of the quadrangle, the Wilson Tower, towards the cost of which he contributed generously, were built, the Chapel was enlarged by a North aisle, since pulled down, the New Field was bought. St. Agnes's Church was built and endowed in the district in which the College had for some years supported a mission, and other buildings were added.

He was specially interested in School Mission work, and it was he who started the summer camp for boys from St. Agnes, an example which has since been widely imitated by other Schools.

The eleven years of his Head-mastership were marked by singularly few changes in the strong and loyal staff left by Dr. Percival, and, largely on that account, were years of great happiness and unbroken prosperity.

In 1890 he was offered and accepted the living of Rochdale and the Archdeaconry of Manchester; and in 1905 he was appointed by the Crown to a Canonry in Worcester Cathedral.

One who knows him well reminds the writer of

these lines that Canon Wilson has never lost touch with the School. Three of his sons are distinguished O. C.'s, and several generations of Cliftonians will recall his sermons and lectures to the School, particularly his Jubilee sermon on the School motto, and his readings and recitations from the poems of his friend T. E. Brown. He desired that T. E. B. should become a peculiar and permanent possession and treasure of Clifton College.

The same friend adds: 'No one perhaps ever enjoyed Clifton more than J. M. W. Those who win the Gold Medal which he founded to encourage the study of Modern History, must associate with his name not only eleven years of strenuous work for the School, as its Head Master, and for the City of Bristol, but also a life joyous in itself and diffusing joy and love among those with whom he worked.'

His portrait, painted by Sir W. B. Richmond, the gift of the masters, hangs in the Council Room.

'Wilson had in the first place unrivalled skill as a teacher; his lectures, on any subject, were as lucid as they were stimulating; his sermons were a model of what school sermons should be; and he loved teaching. His versatility was amazing; he seemed to wake every morning upon a new world, and he expected every one else to be as much interested in it as he was himself. He was

a Senior Wrangler and a pioneer in the teaching of Natural Science, but he had also an enthusiastic love for the Classics, and none, who had the privilege of hearing them, will ever forget his Plato or Thucydides lessons, in which the ancient and the modern world were made to illustrate each other, and the words of Pericles or of Socrates were interpreted in their bearing on modern politics or school life. It was through his brilliant teaching powers that he first established his hold on the Sixth, and through them on the School; his influence over the Sixth in his later years was unbounded, and it was his constant aim to get them to welcome responsibility and act for themselves. "I would rather that you did the thing wrong by yourselves, than get me to do it for you," was one of his sayings which was treasured up and often quoted.'

THE DAKYNS PRIZE FOR GREEK LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE, FOUNDED TO COMMEMORATE THE MASTERSHIP OF MR. H. G. DAKYNS

Henry Graham Dakyns, the son of Thomas Henry Dakyns, M.D., and of Harriet, daughter of John Roche Dasent, was born on August 1, 1839, in St. Vincent, W. I. He died at Haslemere on June 21, 1911.

In August, 1850, he entered Rugby School as a Town-boy and remained there until 1856, when he entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, as a commoner, obtaining a Scholarship in 1859.

He was in the Second Class of the Classical Tripos in 1860 and took his B.A. degree in the same year.

In 1861 he went to Farringford as tutor to Hallam and Lionel, the sons of Alfred (afterwards Lord) Tennyson.

In 1862 he was appointed an Assistant Master at Clifton by the Rev. Charles Evans, Head Master-elect, who resigned on September 4 of that year, a few days before the date fixed for the opening of the College. Owing to this resignation the formal opening was deferred till September 30, 1862.

For a time H. G. D. took boarders at Olden Lodge, afterwards Poole's House, J. S., and on the death of C. H. Cay in 1869 he succeeded to his house, which he held till 1881. Finally he left the School in December, 1889.

The yearly interest on a sum of money given by him at the time of his leaving Clifton, 'The Dakyns Fund,' is, in accordance with his wish, spent on books or works of art connected with 'Hellenic study in the widest and most scientific sense of the term'.

An impression of Henry Graham Dakyns as Schoolmaster and as Man

It can never be easy, after the lapse of forty years, to recall with accuracy the early impression and influence of masters and boys among whom one lived. And yet, looking back on those distant days, something vivid and peculiar, intimately connected with class-room and Close, seems to stand out and to gather substance round the name of Dakyns. The impression can, of course, be only personal to the writer; other boys—men now—other views and other memories.

Vitality of body, vivacity of mind, distinguished every rapid movement of the man; volcanic, explosive, insistent, pungent, tingling with life, an element of fermentation in the body politic; it was impossible to be dead or dull when Dakyns was about. I can see him flying from his house to his

class-room, a little late, his gown only half on, he plucking at it with violent jerks; a minute more and somebody would be 'catching it', Dakyns's hand outstretched fixing the offender, and Dakyns's voice heard easily in the School House studies. Or, if the class had got straight to work, the irrepressible nervosity of our teacher would declare itself in the banging of drawers and violent movements and would sometimes end in both boots being off under the table, or in Dakyns perched on the window-sill. The teaching was excellent and thorough, the scholarship sound and accurate, and the vivacity and sympathy of Dakyns's mind had the power to make an author—Xenophon, for instance—live and act before us; but to that vivacious mind, a phrase in our text, the chance movement of some one in the class, would serve as a peg for long digressions, frequently, most frequently, I think, on the ethics of school-life, the whole duty of a schoolboy, the ideal Clifton.

The volcanic atmosphere of Dakyns's class-room was, perhaps, irritating and even exhausting to some of his more nervous, less robust and vigorous pupils; but I believe that the stir, the stimulus, the insistence that all was alive, and that life was all-important, so it were well lived, constituted the dominant quality of Dakyns's influence as a teacher.

It was the same in the Close, in the Fives-Court, at the Baths: he shared the life of the School at every point, and if Dakyns were playing, the game

was always at the top of its possibilities. Football was never livelier nor quicker than when that black, lithe, eel-like figure, muddier than all the rest, was at half-back, and Dakyns's voice, in command, expostulation, even sometimes in objurgation, rang out above the scrimmage. In later years, I recognized the voice of Dakyns in the guise of Cato when he chides the laggard spirits on the lower slopes of Purgatory—'Now then, you fellows there!' and we and they had to 'hurry up'. Again, where Dakyns was there was life at its full tension and all-important. That bugle-call of Clifton's own poet—'Play up! play up! and play the game'—might well have been written for Graham Dakyns.

Such was my schoolboy impression of Dakyns as far as I can recapture it. I did not then realize, what I learned in later and closer converse with that gentle soul, that there were deeper and tenderer roots of individuality behind and below all this exuberant life. I did not, could not, perhaps, as a schoolboy, divine that very 'genius for friendship', that passionate dedication of himself to others, which filled and brimmed his nature, and drew to him so many and such various men, that liberality of mind and quick perception of the other side which made him so delightful, so fair, so generous a controversialist, and tempted him, at times, to abound in his opponent's sense to the danger even of being misunderstood. He was an incorrigible idealist, and his invincible optimism,

based on unwavering faith in humanity as a whole, put to shame the colder, soberer doubters. 'Sursum corda' was his motto in the theory as well as in the practice of life. Idealist as he was, his sensitive spiritual epidermis shrank with almost physical pain from wrong-doing, wrong-thinking, and willingly, eagerly, sought the palliative, the possible justification to be found in a wider view. The impression left by contact with his mind was that of almost virgin innocence and purity; and coupled with this sensitive delicacy of moral touch was his loyal and reverent appreciation and worship of those whom he held for great. Attempt to belittle, to obscure, to measure in the common scales of worldly wisdom one of his heroes, and Dakyns's pain even more than his indignation made one feel how common, how unworthy, were those common scales.

Dakyns possessed the stimulating gifts of youth and hope. Love, faith, and boundless humane outgoings formed the soil on which his vivacity of mind and vitality of body were planted and flourished. He never grew old.

H. F. B.

Abbreviated by permission of the Author from *The Cliftonian*, October, 1911.

THE BROWN PRIZE FOR AN ENGLISH POEM, FOUNDED TO COMMEMORATE THE MASTERSHIP OF THE REV. T. E. BROWN

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN, the son of the Rev. Robert Brown, Vicar of St. Matthew's Church, Douglas, Isle of Man, was born at Douglas on May 5, 1830.

He was educated at King William's College, I. O. M., 1845–1849, and in the latter year he entered at Christ Church, Oxford. He took his degree in 1853, obtaining a First Class in both Moderations and the Final Classical Schools, and in 1854 he was elected a Fellow of Oriel College. He took Holy Orders in 1855. From 1856 to 1861 he was Vice-Principal of King William's College, and from 1861 to 1863 Head Master of the Crypt School at Gloucester, where W. E. Henley was one of his most distinguished pupils.

In 1863 he came to Clifton, where, as Second Master, Head of the Modern Side, and House Master, he remained till 1892, when he returned to his beloved Island.

He spent the greater part of October, 1897, with friends at Clifton, and on the evening of the 29th of the month while he was talking to the boys in Tait's House about the Origins of Clifton he

suddenly stopped, fell back, and was gone. The beauty of his face as he lay on the sofa at 26 College Road, can never be forgotten by those who saw it. He was buried in the graveyard of Redland Green Chapel by the side of his wife and his son Braddan.

A window in the School Chapel commemorates the early death of Braddan Brown and of Maurice Wilson.

The first of Brown's poems which was published was 'Betsy Lee, a Fo'c'sle Yarn', which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1873. His last volume, 'Old John and other Poems', was published in 1893. His Collected Poems, with an introduction by W. E. Henley, were published in 1901.

His portrait by Sir W. B. Richmond, the gift of his colleagues, hangs in the School Library.

'You ask me', writes the Bishop of Hereford, 'about T. E. Brown's coming to Clifton, and I can only reply that I have no story to tell about it. The events of thirty-six years have overlaid the memory of our first acquaintance. It will, however, interest all Cliftonians to know that it is to our friend Archdeacon Wilson, himself destined afterwards to contribute so much to the life of the School, that Clifton owes T. E. B. and all the wealth of associations that cluster round his name and his memory.

'By some strange mischance he had become Head Master of the Crypt School, Gloucester. How he

got there I do not know. The explanation may possibly be the very simple one that the brilliant young Fellow of Oriel, characteristically disregarding all thoughts of worldly prospects, and yielding to the impulse of his romantic Manx temperament, had married his cousin and turned his back on Oxford; and so, like many another poor man, had to take up such work as came to hand.

'Mr. Wilson having told me about him, I made an appointment to see him in Oxford, and there, as chance would have it, I met him standing at the corner of St. Mary's Entry, in a somewhat Johnsonian attitude, four-square, his hands deep in his pockets to keep himself still, and looking decidedly *volcanic*.

'We very soon came to terms, and I left him there under promise to come to Clifton as my colleague at the beginning of the following Term; and, needless to say, St. Mary's Entry has had an additional interest to me ever since.

'Sometimes I have wondered, and it would be worth a good deal to know, what thoughts were coursing through that richly furnished, teeming brain as he stood there by St. Mary's Church, with Oriel College in front of him—thoughts of his own struggles and triumphs, and of all the great souls that had passed to and fro over the pavement around him; and all set in the lurid background of the undergraduate life to which he had been condemned as a servitor at Christ Church.

'His father's well-intentioned friend, the Archdeacon of Man, knowing the scanty resources of the Manx parsonage and the need of economy, but apparently not knowing either the temperament or the genius of the boy, had advised his going as a servitor to Christ Church; and purblind teachers let him go, instead of sending him to some such place as Balliol, where he might worthily have been enrolled as one of the most highly gifted of her scholars. However, I need not trouble you with these reflections, for they are neither a relevant nor an adequate answer to your inquiry, and yet they are all I have to send.'

The Letters of T. E. Brown, 1900, vol. i, p. 31.

And again:

'I have never known any one at all like him. His whole nature—head and heart, imagination, emotion—was cast in a larger and more richly varied mould than that of ordinary men; and I have often felt that if his great gifts and powers had only been fused just a little differently he would have been one of the greatest lights in the literature of our day. As it is, I fear that you will find it hard to convey to those who did not know him personally and intimately, any adequate idea of what he was to us at Clifton College, or of the extent to which he stimulated and enriched our life there. To compare Brown with even the average run of even the distinguished men who are all around us is like

trying to compare the Bay of Naples with an English bay or a Scotch loch. We can find plenty of beauty in the familiar northern scenes; but we miss the pent-up forces, the volcanic outbursts, the tropic glow, and all the surprisingly manifold and tender and sweet-scented outpourings of soul and sunshine, so spontaneous, so inexhaustibly rich, and with the great heart of fire burning and palpitating underneath all the time.'

The Cliftonian, December, 1897.

TWO HUGH LUCAS SCHOLARSHIPS OF £50 FOR FOUR YEARS, FOUNDED IN MEMORY OF THE LATE H. N. LUCAS (O. C.) BY HIS RELATIVES

HUGH NATHANIEL LUCAS, the son of Horatio Joseph Lucas, was born at Reigate, Surrey, on August 8, 1871.

He was at Clifton (Heymann's House) from January, 1885 to July, 1890, when he entered at New College, Oxford. In the spring of 1892 he obtained a Third Class in Classical Moderations. He then read History for his Final School, which he did not live to see.

'There was nothing in his career here that was not honourable and happy.'

'While crossing the Täschhorn between Saas and Randa, H. N. Lucas, accompanied by a friend and two guides, was overtaken by darkness on August 16, 1893, and the party was compelled to spend the night on a grassy ledge between two precipices. They lighted a large fire and all were soon asleep. At one o'clock in the morning, one of the guides, waking up, discovered that Lucas was missing, and when daylight came he was found lifeless at the foot of the cliff; his watch had stopped at twenty minutes past twelve. It is

supposed that, while half asleep, he had shifted his position towards the edge of the precipice and had rolled over.'

The Cliftonian, November, 1893.

A brass, placed in the Old Cloister, records the foundation of the Hugh Lucas Scholarships and the names of the Scholars.

THE PILKINGTON PRIZES FOR OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY, FOUNDED BY COL. R. PILKINGTON AS A MEMORIAL OF THE LONG CONNEXION OF HIS SONS WITH THE SCHOOL

Colonel Richard Pilkington, C.B., M.P., was born January 17, 1841, at Windle Hall, St. Helens, Lancashire. He died March 12, 1908.

He was a keen Volunteer and one of the earliest to join the movement; he was gazetted Second Lieutenant on October 16, 1860, and retired January 17, 1907.

He was a Justice of the Peace for the County of Lancaster (1876) and for the County Borough of St. Helens (1882), and was three times Mayor of the Borough of St. Helens. In January, 1899, he was returned unopposed as M.P. for the Newton Division of the County of Lancaster, and he retained his seat until the General Election of 1906.

The sum of the years spent at Clifton, between September, 1880 and July, 1900, by Colonel Pilkington's six sons was fifty-two. Five of them won their House Caps; two of them won the Challenge Cup, one of them won it twice; one of them was in the XI, three of them were in the XXII; and three of them served in the South African War.

Ernest Sinclair Pilkington, b. March 12, 1868.

Arthur Richard Pilkington, b. December 16, 1871.

Lionel Edward Pilkington, b. December 2, 1873.

Charles Raymond Pilkington, b. October 9, 1875.

William Norman Pilkington, b. July 26, 1877.

Guy Reginald Pilkington, b. April 15, 1881.

THE ROQUETTE-PALMER PALMER SCHOLARSHIP OF £25 FOR FRENCH AND GERMAN, FOUNDED BY THE LATE REV. JORDAN ROQUETTE-PALMER PALMER

THE REV. JORDAN ROQUETTE-PALMER PALMER was the son of Arthur Palmer, Barrister-at-Law, the first Judge of the Bristol County Court. He was born on June 28, 1828, and died on April 30, 1885. By Deed Poll, dated November 12, 1878, he assumed the names of Jordan Roquette-Palmer Palmer.

He was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.G.S.

He was Clerical Diocesan Secretary to the Right Rev. C. J. Sumner, D.D., and also to the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., consecutive Bishops of Winchester; also Chaplain to St. Anne's Royal Society, to the Worshipful Company of Glass Sellers, and to the Caledonian (Masonic) Lodge.

By his Will, which was proved on June 26, 1885, he left to the Head Master and to the Council of Clifton College the sum of one thousand one hundred pounds for the purpose of founding a Scholarship to bear the name of the Roquette-

Palmer Palmer French Scholarship, to be adjudged after critical examination annually to such Student of Clifton College as shall be in the judgement of the Head Master and Council the best Scholar in French.

THE GRATIAN FYFFE PRIZES FOR MUSIC, FOUNDED BY DR. W. J. FYFFE (LATE SCHOOL PHYSICIAN) IN MEMORY OF HIS DAUGHTER

William Johnstone Fyffe was born at Baron's Court, Co. Tyrone, April 24, 1826. He was the son of John Fyffe, born at St. Leonards, Perthshire, and of Mary Anne Johnstone of Coolies Lynn, Co. Tyrone.

He went to school at Foyle College, Londonderry, and in November, 1842, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree of M.B. in 1847 and that of M.D. in 1856. In 1848 he was gazetted to the Surgeoncy of the 3rd West India Regiment, and from 1849 to 1851, when he was invalided home, he was quartered at Falmouth Trelawny on the north coast of Jamaica. The town, without drainage of any sort, supplied with contaminated well-water, was visited by one of the most virulent epidemics of Asiatic cholera on record: nearly ninety per cent. of those attacked died, and Dr. Fyffe fought it almost singlehanded: the Civil authorities presented to him an address and £250 in recognition of his services. In 1853 he was gazetted to the 30th Regiment and accompanied them in 1854 to the Crimea, where he was

present at the Battle of the Alma, afterwards marching to Sebastopol. Here he was seized with fever and was sent to the hospital at Scutari to recover his health, and in January, 1855, he came from Constantinople to England in medical charge of the transport *Sultana* with 200 wounded and sick men, a very stormy voyage of sixty-four days. While on duty at Fort Pitt, Chatham, in 1856, all the wounded from the Crimean army passed through his hands. In 1858 he was appointed Surgeon to the Second Battalion of the 13th Light Infantry, and in 1859 he exchanged into the 5th Dragoon Guards, with whom he remained till he was appointed Assistant Professor of Medicine in the Army Medical School at Netley in 1863.

In December, 1873, he retired from the Army with the Honorary Rank of Deputy Surgeon General in the Queen's Land Forces and commenced to practise as a physician in Clifton.

In 1882 Dr. Fyffe was appointed Chief Medical Officer to Clifton College and he held the post till 1897. He died on May 7, 1900, and was buried in the churchyard at Wraxall. A brass plate on the back of the seat which he used to occupy in the School Chapel commemorates his years of loving and devoted service.

Gratian Fyffe was born December 24, 1869, and died November 9, 1895.

The above is but a very bare recital of the events in the life of a man who was the last to know how

great a man he was. In all places where he served he was loved and honoured; he received a touching address, published in *The Times* of March 4, 1855, from his sick and wounded of the *Sultana*; a Regimental Order acknowledging his services was issued by Colonel the Honourable S. G. Calthorpe on his leaving the 5th Dragoon Guards in 1863; he was thanked by Professor Maclean on the completion of his ten years' service at Netley; finally, he was thanked publicly and privately by both of the Head Masters, Canon Wilson and Canon Glazebrook, with whom he had been associated at Clifton. But to him the best of all was the thanks, often unspoken, of the hundreds of boys whom he loved and who, scattered over the whole face of the earth, still remember him with warm affection.

Dr. Fyffe had four sons, all of them South Town boys.

THE BARTHOLOMEW HISTORY PRIZE, FOUNDED IN MEMORY OF THE LATE F. M. BARTHOLOMEW (ASSISTANT MASTER)

FRANCIS MEDLEY BARTHOLOMEW was born on May 9, 1844. His father, the Rev. Christopher Churchill Bartholomew, was successively Vicar of St. David's, Exeter, and of Cornwood, Plympton; he was also Sub-Dean and Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral. It was on the southern streams of Dartmoor, near Cornwood, that F. M. B. acquired the love and the art of fly-fishing, which he never lost.

After a few years at Exeter Grammar School he went to Marlborough in 1858, and in 1864 he went up to Oxford as Exhibitioner of Trinity College. In 1864 he shot at Wimbledon in his School XI, and at Oxford he rowed in the Trinity boat both in the Torpids and in the Eights; owing to an injury to his knee, which troubled him at intervals all his life, he never became a first-rate cricketer, but he was a keen golfer and was one of the very first who played on Durdham Down in 1887 or 1888.

He came to Clifton in 1869, and, after being for some years Tutor in School House, he succeeded to Dakyns's Boarding House in 1881, leaving it, though not the School, in 1892. Ill health more

than once interrupted his work and necessitated his absence from Clifton; thus he spent part of the winter of 1884–1885 at Davos; another year he spent some months in the Mediterranean, and between 1879 and 1880 he went on a voyage to Australia and New Zealand. Finally, in 1893, he went to India and, after a few weeks of intense delight spent chiefly among the Old Cliftonians whom he loved so much, he died absolutely alone at Madura on December 24, of cholera contracted at Trichinopoly. The terrible news reached us at five o'clock on Christmas Morning.

In his letter to S. T. Irwin, T. E. Brown spoke for all Clifton:

'Such a combination of virtues I never expect to see again in any man as God gave us in Bartholomew. There was a divine sweetness in his constancy and patience, and the "humility", which I see you recognize as an element in his character, was extremely beautiful and touching.

It is an experience that seldom falls to one's lot, to follow slowly but surely through noble avenues of reserve, a soul that withdraws itself as you advance towards the hidden treasures it guards with such profound modesty.

Simple and sage—simplicity, I imagine, the grand note, simplicity of motive rather than of action, a very deep and rare simplicity. His loss is beyond all losses that I can conceive. Clifton was entwined around his very heart: his life was Clifton.

Beside his perfect devotion the ordinary standard of zeal and industry, however honest, is merely respectable; with some it is only a make-believe of awkward gesticulation.

I append a sonnet, which, to some extent, relieves my sorrow, and which may perhaps help to relieve yours.'

IN MEMORIAM.

F. M. BARTHOLOMEW.

Unselfish, steadfast, absolutely true,
Dear friend, sage counsellor, your every thought
Was ours, as pious Nature inward wrought
The civic purpose and the loftier view.
From him you most revered the golden dew
Of loyalty traditional was caught,
Whose gold is steel; and so you constant taught
This earthly Clifton, loved Bartholomew.
Bides yet a Clifton in the chiefest Heaven,
The *αὐτο*-Clifton God has made for us,
Serenely placed, divinely bright and fair.
Sometimes unto our noblest hearts 'tis given
To see its circuit broad and luminous:
He saw it, and he found it, and he's there.

Ramsey, December 27, 1893.

The yearly interest on a small sum of money, 'The Bartholomew Fund', is spent in the purchase for the School Library of books relating to India and the East.

THE GRENFELL PRIZE FOR NATURAL SCIENCE ESSAY, FOUNDED IN MEMORY OF THE LATE J. G. GRENFELL (ASSISTANT MASTER)

JOHN GRANVILLE GRENFELL was born on Feb. 6, 1839, at Rugby, where his father was an assistant master in the School. His delicate health and his breeding—Cornish on the side of his father, Welsh and Huguenot on that of his mother—combined to produce in him at an early age the lovable character which remained with him throughout his life. From Rugby, where he was in the Sixth Form under Dr. Goulburn, he went to Oxford in 1858 as a Classical Scholar of Pembroke College.

In 1861 he left Oxford, having obtained a post in the Greek and Roman Department at the British Museum, where he worked for some years under Sir Charles Newton, the archaeologist and explorer. In 1868 he returned to Oxford to work at Chemistry and Physics, and in the autumn of that year he joined the staff at King Edward VI School at Birmingham as Science Master.

He came to Clifton in January, 1871; in 1884 he succeeded E. M. Oakeley in his boarding-house, and was in his turn succeeded by C. W. A. Tait in

1889. During those eighteen years he was for the most part Master of the Modern Fourth Form, but his energy and his interest were far from being confined to his routine work either in School or in his House. He had a fine tenor voice, and for many years was one of the Masters' Quartet at the Christmas concert. His ear for foreign languages and his pronunciation were quite remarkably good, and he was a keen student of both Italian and Spanish literature: when travelling on the Continent the small dark Celt with the soft, dark eyes was seldom taken for an Englishman. But his chief enthusiasm was for Science: Physics, Biology, the Microscope, and, especially, Geology. He worked systematically at the Carboniferous rocks in the Avon Gorge and obtained from them a very fine collection of Encrinites: wherever he went his hammer went with him.

On leaving Clifton in 1889 he went to London, and, after a visit to Labrador in company with his nephew, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell of the Deep Sea Mission, in 1894, he settled at Oxford near his son B. P. Grenfell, O.C., the distinguished Egyptologist, Fellow of Queen's College.

Following medical advice he went to Italy in the autumn of 1896, and on March 24, 1897, he died, aged fifty-eight years, and was buried in the beautiful graveyard at Pisa, where a small marble tablet has been put up to his memory.

'He said that he had had a happy life.'

'I heard of his death only yesterday. I think I knew that when we parted last we should never meet again in this world.

He was inexpressibly dear to me, and, indeed, so entirely lovable a friend I never had. Looking back upon the past, upon our long connexion so close and so full of interest, I see nothing that is not wholly beautiful. He was a man to love with one's whole heart, and it was thus I loved him, and shall always love. The winsomest of all my friends, the purest, the most honourable and stainless.'

'Poor old Grenfell. What a brave spirit it was! So bright and true.

I feel very lonely.

There was no help for it. The seal of death was on him when we last parted. . . .

Did you ever meet a Paladin like G.? Gentle and faithful, unselfish, and of the purest chalybean, stainless and pure. I have known him twenty-seven years, and all the time he has been to me a marvel, a revelation of what man may be at his best. If there were many such we might augur well for the race. But I have known only one such, one whom to know has been a joy and a pride. Let us bury him in our heart of hearts.'

The Letters of T. E. Brown, vol. ii, 1900.

THE HARTNELL PRIZE FOR GREEK AND LATIN SCHOLARSHIP (OPEN TO THE JUNIOR SCHOOL ONLY), FOUNDED TO COMMEMORATE THE MASTERSHIP OF THE REV. B. HARTNELL

Bedford Hartnell, the son of the Rev. Mark Antony Hartnell, was born at Royal Fort, Bristol, on March 2, 1833.

He was educated at Richmond House, Clifton, and then for two years at Bishop's College, Bristol; afterwards with his father's pupils at Honiton in Devonshire.

He graduated from St. John's College, Cambridge, B.A. in 1859, M.A. in 1862. He was ordained by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Deacon in 1864, Priest in 1865.

From 1859 to 1861 he was an Assistant Master and Tutor in the School House at Oakham School: in the latter year he succeeded to a Preparatory School in Clifton Vale, Clifton, which had been kept by Mr. Boyton; and in 1863 this School was removed to No. 7 Rodney Place and was there absorbed into the newly established Junior School of Clifton College. Finally, at Easter, 1868, he moved into Rodborough House, where he remained until 1892. He left the School in 1897.

During all his years at Clifton he was Head of the Junior School, and 146 of those Cliftonians whose names appear in the Register as having gained Honours direct from School passed through his form, IV *a*, J. S.

From 1877 onwards he was Senior Chaplain to Clifton College, and in 1897 he was appointed to the living of Littleton-on-Severn, which he resigned in 1910 owing to his failing sight.

'The memories of a boy's earliest days at a great school are apt to remain with him with much distinctness for many a long year; and those Cliftonians who embarked on their public school life in the Junior School, in Hartnell's House or Form, have the best of reasons for cherishing such memories.

'More than thirty years have passed since I entered Hartnell's House as a very small boy, but time has scarcely dimmed my recollection of the kindliness of his greeting, his infectious laugh, and the feeling of confidence and sympathy that at once seemed to be set up. And later experience, with many masters teaching all sorts of subjects, has only deepened the impression that in Hartnell the School possessed a man of unusual power of guiding and influencing boys.

'In the days to which my memory takes me back, methods in the Junior School were perhaps less mild than they are to-day, and probably there was good reason for the difference. One master, when

presiding over our evening preparation, habitually brought a cane into the room with him—and used it, too. In the dormitories trials of strength between rival factions were not unknown, and drastic treatment was certainly called for. But when Hartnell himself was on the spot, somehow, though we were not in the least afraid of him, an almost holy calm prevailed. "Now then, young people," he would call out from the bottom of the stairs, when he felt that our high spirits had been sufficiently indulged, and there was little likelihood of any further ebullition. We knew that he could be as severe as any one and had a lissom wrist, but there was something more than that. At the back of our minds there must have been a dim idea that while, of course, we liked Hartnell, he, too, had friendly feelings for us, and that, therefore, it was hardly fair to provoke him into adopting stern measures, which would be so contrary to his inclinations. Certainly, we discovered later something of the warmth of his affection, when we became aware of his unceasing interest in any old Junior School boy and of his unfailing memory for faces and names, and for endless little details of life and work.

'As a teacher he was incomparable. Any one who has had any experience in teaching boys the rudiments of a language will find it difficult to realize the positive enthusiasm for Greek and Latin Grammar which Hartnell kindled in his form. I am prepared to maintain that some of the most rollicking hours

I ever spent at School were those devoted to the study of the verbs in -μι under him. Whether it were his own enthusiasm, or his good temper and patience and sense of humour, or his appreciation of honest effort, or his skill in inculcating a spirit of eager rivalry, some mysterious power he certainly possessed, such as I have never known in any other teacher, which made dry bones live. And the result was that for nearly thirty-five years the standard of scholarship which he implanted in his boys was a joy and a marvel to successive Head Masters.

'With the tradition of brilliant teaching that has gathered round his name, the winning of the "Hartnell Prize" should be a tremendous incentive to any Junior School boy.'

F. B.

THE JUPP PRIZE FOR PHOTOGRAPHY, FOUNDED IN MEMORY OF THE LATE H. B. JUPP (ASSISTANT MASTER)

HERBERT BASIL JUPP, the third son of Edward Basil Jupp, F.S.A., Solicitor, Clerk to the Worshipful Company of Carpenters in the City of London, and Eliza Margaret Kay, was born on January 11, 1853, at Blackheath. He died of typhoid fever at Clifton on October 28, 1897.

He was at Blackheath Proprietary School from 1863 to 1869, in which latter year he entered at King's College, London, where he spent four terms in the Engineering Department, obtaining prizes for Mathematics and Workshop, and five terms in the Arts Department, taking prizes for Classics, Mathematics, and English Essay. He obtained his A.K.C. in 1872.

He was elected to a Mathematical Demyship at Magdalen College, Oxford, on October 5, 1872. He obtained a Third Class in Mathematical Moderations in 1874, and a Second Class in the Mathematical and in the Natural Science Honour Schools in 1876 and 1877 respectively. He took his M.A. degree in 1879.

While at Oxford he was a keen and successful athlete, and he was a member of the first Oxford Rugby team which played against Cambridge. It

is remembered that he had written in large letters on the wall of his room: 'He who runs may read.'

H. B. Jupp came to Clifton in 1879 as successor to J. G. MacGregor, Superintendent of the Physical Laboratory, and afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In 1885 he was himself succeeded in the Laboratory by D. Rintoul, and was appointed Form Master on the Modern Side, a post which he held until his death in 1897.

Devoted to music, a member of the Choir and of the Choral Society as well as of the Cadet Corps and of the Scientific Society, an excellent lecturer, a most successful photographer, a keen fisherman, a lover of all manly athletic exercises, for eighteen years he served the School with untiring energy and unswerving devotion.

'His was one of those figures which will survive longest in the memories of those who were with him at Clifton, whether as colleagues or as pupils; he had a personality which could not but endear him to all; and when the tolling of the Chapel bell announced his death there was not one of us who did not feel that he had lost a staunch and generous friend.' *The Cliftonian*, December, 1897.

THE LOUISA PERCIVAL PRIZES FOR KNOWLEDGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, FOUNDED BY THE LORD BISHOP OF HEREFORD (DR. PERCIVAL) IN MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. LOUISA PERCIVAL

Louisa Percival, the daughter of James Holland, Knightsbridge, Upper Norwood. Married the Rev. John Percival, 1862. Died June 14, 1896.

TWO OLD CLIFTONIAN SCHOLARSHIPS OF £25 A YEAR FOR THREE YEARS (OPEN TO SONS OF OLD CLIFTONIANS), FOUNDED BY SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM OLD CLIFTONIANS COLLECTED BY MR. H. S. HALL

Henry Sinclair Hall, the son of John Valentine Hall, was born at Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, on June 8, 1848.

He was from 1859 to 1863 at Sandbach Grammar School, in Cheshire, and at Clifton College, from 1864 to 1868. In the latter year he won a Minor Scholarship at Christ's College, Cambridge, and a Foundation Scholarship in 1869. He was thirty-first Wrangler in 1873, B.A. 1873, M.A. 1885.

In May, 1873, he came to Clifton as a Mathematical Master, and from September of that year until July 1899, when he left the School, he was Head of the Military Side. During those years one hundred and fifty Cliftonians passed direct into Woolwich, and one hundred and twenty into Sandhurst, beside fifteen who passed into Cooper's Hill in the few years during which entrance to it was by competitive examination.

He is the sole or the joint author of many mathematical works for schools; of one of them, *Hall and Knight's Algebra*, over one million copies

have been sold during the twenty-eight years since its publication.

To the outside world H. S. Hall is well known as a keen and successful fly-fisher. In 1879 he discovered the advantage of eyed hooks for small flies and these are now in almost universal use for dry fly-fishing, on which subject he contributed a chapter, in 1885, to the Salmon and Trout volume of the Badminton Library. He is an original member of the Fly Fishers' Club; President, 1913–1914.

Finally, many and many an Old Cliftonian will never forget the half-holidays spent with him on Durdham Down and in the Leigh Woods, when he introduced them to the joys and the mysteries of Ornithology.

A very large number of Old Cliftonians of every generation, and in all parts of the world, contributed to the foundation of the Scholarships.

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEMORIAL PRIZE, FOUNDED OUT OF THE BALANCE OF THE WAR MEMORIAL FUND, FOR AN ESSAY ON A MILITARY SUBJECT BY A MEMBER OF THE MILITARY SIDE

CLIFTON
REMEMBER THESE
THY SONS WHO FELL
FIGHTING
FAR OVER SEA
FOR THEY
IN A DARK HOUR
REMEMBERED WELL
THEIR WARFARE
LEARNED OF THEE.

THE BALFOUR SCHOLARSHIP OF £25 A YEAR FOR SONS OF INDIAN CIVILIANS, FOUNDED IN MEMORY OF THE LATE CHARLES FREDERICK BALFOUR, I.C.S.

CHARLES FREDERICK BALFOUR, the son of James Robert Balfour, of Leven, Fife, was born at Valparaiso, Chili, November 18, 1872.

He entered Clifton College, IV γ, J. S., in September, 1884, and was Head of the School from September, 1890 to April, 1891, when he left. He was elected in 1889 to a School Scholarship, and in 1891 to a Scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He obtained a First Class in Classical Moderations and a First Class in the Final Classical Schools. In 1895 he entered the Indian Civil Service (third place), and was appointed to the United Provinces. He died at Lucknow, August 6, 1907.

At Clifton he was Captain of the Cadet Corps, and won his House Cap, N.T., and he afterwards played Golf for Oxford *v.* Cambridge.

THE LOUISA PERCIVAL SCHOLARSHIP
THE FREDERICK PERCIVAL SCHOLARSHIP
THE ROBERT HARDWICKE PERCIVAL SCHOLARSHIP

Each of £33 a year, for Day Boys, founded by the Lord Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Percival)

FREDERICK PERCIVAL, the youngest son of the Rev. John Percival, was killed by an accident, June 25, 1881.

ROBERT HARDWICKE PERCIVAL, the eldest son of the Rev. John Percival. Died August 14, 1908.

THE IRWIN MEMORIAL ESSAY PRIZE, FOUNDED IN MEMORY OF THE LATE S. T. IRWIN (ASSISTANT MASTER)

SIDNEY THOMAS IRWIN, the son of Colonel F. C. Irwin, K.H., was born at Perth, Western Australia, on May 14, 1848. He died at Clifton on September 8, 1911, and was buried at Shirehampton on September 12.

He was at Wellington College from 1861 to 1867, when he entered at Oxford as an Exhibitioner of Lincoln College: in the following year he became a Scholar of Exeter College. In 1869 he obtained a First Class in Classical Moderations, and a Second Class in the Final Schools in 1871, in which year he took his degree.

After about a year's work at Lincoln College, he went as a Master to Westminster School, where he remained for two years: he came to Clifton in January, 1876.

The yearly interest on a small sum of money, 'The Irwin Fund', is spent on the purchase for the School Library of books connected with Roman History and Literature and with the English Literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

'S. T. IRWIN.
1876–1911.

'Before Christmas comes a small brass plate with these words inscribed on it will be placed on his seat in the School Chapel; that is the honour which Clifton affords to those only of her servants who have died in harness, an honour which he shares with but few of his own time, among whom are Bartholomew and Moor. And, surely, when Christmas brings down the Old Cliftonians to the School Concert and the House Suppers, many of them, as they leave the Chapel after singing the last hymn, will look at the new brass and will remember how often he has helped them to be "more faithful than before".

'*Spiritus intus alit.* That was the motto which he gave to the School, it might have been his own motto. His was an ever-burning, ever-growing, ever-widening Spirit; it warmed and lighted up, not himself only but all around him, his own sacred home, his colleagues, his pupils; he was an inspiration to all of us. Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, those are the things that he loved and that he loved to share with us.

'No man ever had a keener sense of what is pure and lovely and of good report, in one word, of what is beautiful. He knew, as scarcely any but

a poet could know, every changing aspect of Durdham Down, by day, by night, in summer or in winter, in sunshine or in gloom; he knew Failand and Portbury and Charlton Woods, Pensford and Maes Knoll; he knew every bird and every flower of the banks and the woods and the hedgerows; nothing, not even failing health and the doctor's orders, could keep him from his favourite haunts; the remembrance of a sunset, or a bunch of ripe spindle-wood berries, was to him a more than sufficient reward for a tramp along Beggar's Bush lane in mud or in dust.

'And in literary matters it was the same; his knowledge was not only extensive but it was accurate too, his taste was perfect, his instinct unerring. We always knew that if he spoke of a writer, of a book, of a poem, he was speaking of what he knew, that if he praised the praise was deserved, that if he condemned there was no more to be said. From Failand he would bring home colchicums, from Charlton wood-anemones, from Pensford blue geraniums; it was laden with flowers that he returned from the woods and pastures of Greece, Rome, and England.

'And he was an "Irishman too".

'All this and much more was Sidney Irwin, all this and much more did he give to us for thirty-five years, ungrudgingly, cheerfully, lovingly: his heart's blood, his life. And how many there be who say of him:

Tu se' lo mio maestro e il mio autore:
Tu se' solo colui, da cui io tolsi
Lo bello stile che mi ha fatto onore.

'Not they only, but hundreds of others too, all over the world, will join with the few of us who, this afternoon, will carry all that was mortal of him into the School Chapel and then lay it in the consecrated earth at the foot of Penpole, in the words of faith, *Lux perpetua lucet in eum.*'

G. H. W.

Clifton Chronicle, Sept. 12, 1911.

THE TAIT BENEFACTION, FOUNDED IN MEMORY OF THE LATE C. W. A. TAIT (ASSISTANT MASTER), TO HELP BOYS LEAVING THE SCHOOL TO MAKE A START AT THE UNIVERSITY OR AT SOME OTHER PLACE OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

CHARLES WILLIAM ADAM TAIT, the son of the Rev. William Tait, D.D., Vicar of St. Matthew's Church, Rugby, and from 1864 to 1886 Chaplain of Trinity Church, Pau, was born at Edinburgh on April 23, 1846.

In April, 1859, he entered at Rugby School, where he remained until, in 1865, he went up to Queen's College, Oxford, with a Rugby School Exhibition, gaining also a Scholarship at Queen's.

He took a Second Class both in Classical Moderations and in the Final Honour Schools. B.A., 1870. M.A., 1874.

On leaving Oxford he went for a time to the University of Göttingen, where he was a contemporary of C. Sheldon and R. J. Morich, both of them afterwards his colleagues at Clifton. He was also for a few terms an Assistant Master at Furness's Preparatory School near Rugby.

He came to Clifton in January, 1873, and left in April, 1904. He died at Kensington on January 17, 1913.

Tait had been two years at Clifton when he began that work for the School with which, more than with any other, his name will always be associated. It was in 1875 that Dr. Percival divided the Town into two Houses, North and South, and, with but one short interval, he was Master of the South Town from that year till 1889. Quietly, silently, unostentatiously, he organized and controlled, brought order out of chaos, and in a very few terms built up his House on the foundations on which it still stands, a thing unique, unlike anything else at that time existing, a work the difficulty of which it is probably impossible for any Town boy of the present time to realize.

One of the earliest S.T. VI, recalling those days, writes :—

'Of course he was not demonstrative and he said very little; indeed, even in later days his silence was sometimes embarrassing. What I think most of us realized was his simple unaffected piety—two people have mentioned that to me since his death. I think it was just that—his serious high-minded character—that carried him through. . . . But we just accepted him and never quarrelled with him—I never remember any "row"—and knew that he was there to help when he could, or, if not, to sympathize, though his sympathy was often silent.'

When, in 1889, he finally left the South Town he found a House—Grenfell's—ready made to his

hand, and here his methods, if, indeed, he had any conscious method, were the same. A Rugbeian of the Rugbeians, a pupil of Temple, he placed implicit confidence in his Sixth and, especially, in the Head of the House: him and them he supported through thick and thin, and, much in the same way, he supported his House, right or wrong, against the School. 'He was silent: he had the power of not saying things, or, rather, of conveying them without saying them. He could make himself very unpleasant when he wished, but he generally managed to convey his displeasure—and people hated it—without saying much. . . . Few got to know him well, none thought that they understood him; yet in all he produced a very strong effect of loyalty to himself and to the House, and of affection in most. The mere fact that "Charley Tait wouldn't like it" was always a strong deterrent.' It was four of these boys who carried him into and out of the Church at Kensington on January 21, 1913: 'I felt it was what he would have liked,' said one of them.

To the rest of the School Tait was little known, to many of them he was 'a kind of Sphinx, representing a beautiful and revered character by a symbolism that I did not understand'. To a large number he must have seemed the incarnation of the Runs: generation after generation they saw him along with the Upper Pack, in the Dundry Run, the Nailsea Run, the Winscombe Run; for

thirty years he ran hare, laying the scent for the Long Penpole, and there are hundreds who will never forget how he used to be seen coming in down the Avenue with his beautiful white hair and the boyish smile upon his face.

By his colleagues he was beloved for his unfailing cheerfulness and courtesy, his kindness and sympathy, his generosity, his ever-ready willingness to listen and to advise out of the store of his natural wit and his constantly growing experience; to some of them he came to be as a brother, to some almost as a father. It was but natural that when, in 1907, the assistant masters, for the first time, elected a member to represent them on the Council of the College, they should have chosen Tait.

THE MOBERLY LATIN PRIZE, FOUNDED BY MRS. MOBERLY IN MEMORY OF THE LATE W. O. MOBERLY (ASSISTANT MASTER)

WILLIAM OCTAVIUS MOBERLY, born November 14, 1850, at Shoreham in Sussex, died at Mullion in Cornwall, February 2, 1914, was the son of the Rev. Charles Edward Moberly and of Catherine, daughter of Major Octavius Temple and sister of Frederick Temple, D.D., Head Master of Rugby, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Charles Moberly was a remarkably widely read and elegant scholar; there was no human subject which failed to interest him, and it was said of him that he touched none which he did not adorn. After holding curacies at Shoreham and elsewhere he was appointed by Dr. Temple to a Mastership at Rugby School, which he held from 1859 to 1879. He was the author of the Rugby School Song, 'Floreat Rugbeia', and the composer of the music to which it is sung. After leaving Rugby he held the living of Colne Rogers for a few years.

W. O. Moberly entered Rugby School in 1861; he reached the top of the XX at the age of fourteen and so was kept waiting for two years before he was admitted to the Sixth Form. He won a Rugby Exhibition in 1869, and in October of that

year he entered at Balliol College, Oxford. He took a Second Class in Classical Moderations and a Second Class in Literae Humaniores, 1873.

In 1874 Dr. Percival appointed him to a mastership at Clifton, which he held till December 1913, less than two months before his death. In 1892 he succeeded F. M. Bartholomew in his House, 28 College Road, and was followed in it, in 1907, by E. J. Barff.

'This boy is mad on cricket': words added to one of his School Reports by Dr. Temple. He was Captain of the Rugby XI; and at Oxford he was distinguished for both his fielding and his batting, but for some reason, which has never been explained, he was never in the University eleven. In the 'seventies', and later, he played for Gloucestershire; in 1876 his average was over 40, and in 1886 he made 60 against the Australians.

In 1872, 1873, and 1874 he played Football for Oxford against Cambridge; and in 1872 he played at the Oval for England against Scotland; J. A. Bush, O.C., was also a member of the winning twenty.

'Those whose memories carry them back a certain number of years will hold that the success of early Clifton cricketers was due in no small measure to the opportunities which they enjoyed of watching Moberly play in school games or in county matches during the great days of Gloucestershire cricket. There never was such ease and

grace, and there never was such determination to play the game in the very best spirit, nor such a hatred of slackness and trickery.'—*The Cliftonian*, December, 1913.

When we formally commemorate the benefactors of the School we are apt to mention only those who have given money for its endowment. Yet some of the greatest benefactors are those who have given their lives to its service. The Moberly prize is meant to remind successive generations of one who served Clifton with his whole heart for forty years. He was appointed to a mastership directly he left the University, and he lived only two months after his resignation. It is much to be desired that all winners of this prize, and all who love Clifton well, should understand the meaning of a life which is the pattern of much that is best in our Clifton tradition.

Taking for granted the summary which has been given above, I propose not to write a biography, but to dwell upon a few important points in his life and character.

As a Rugby boy he passed through two stages. Up to sixteen he was regarded as brilliant, both in games and in scholarship. Perhaps the double strain was too much for one who was so eager and enthusiastic that he never spared himself. At any rate he failed afterwards to reach the highest standard in scholarship, though he was always

sound and well informed. One reason of the comparative failure was probably that his intense shyness combined with a stern sense of duty to make his life as a member of the Sixth rather a heavy burden. We are apt to forget how much it costs a sensitive nature to find fault with wrong in others.

In the freer life of the University his whole nature expanded. The Balliol of his day was full of manifold energy and of the sunshine of good fellowship. There three elements of his character could have free play and jointly win respect—his conscientiousness, his modesty, and his keen sense of humour. They were all exhibited in connexion with games as well as in ordinary life. A famous cricketer, he never gave himself the airs of the athlete, never let play injure work, never failed to depreciate his own performances, never took himself too seriously. So his friends were numerous and enthusiastic. Nearly thirty years later I once persuaded him to attend the annual dinner of our Balliol contemporaries. It was delightful to hear the joyful cries of 'Puss' with which his entrance was greeted on all sides, and to see how the deep lines of his workaday face relaxed and his eye twinkled as he gave and received the old chaff of college days. No one who was present then could doubt his being lovable and beloved.

If the years at Balliol were the flowering time of Moberly's life, the season of fruit was given to

Clifton. Two of his Balliol contemporaries were appointed by Dr. Percival almost at the same time: Norman Moor, the brilliant scholar, and wonderful, sympathetic teacher of the Sixth; and W. W. Asquith, who for more than thirty years made the lower Fifth a notable stage in every boy's intellectual life. Moberly's gifts were of another kind. A sound and careful rather than an inspiring teacher, he made the various middle forms of which he was master a training-ground of character. His own example of strenuous care and exacting conscientiousness set a standard for his pupils. If some of them felt the strain, and some complained of the humour which they took for sarcasm when it bore on their faults, they all benefited by the wholesome austerity of the atmosphere in his schoolroom. The most successful part of his teaching was mathematical. He was no mathematician, but a low set gave scope to his love of exactness, of neatness, of sincere effort; and term after term, year after year, the results attained in his sets were surprisingly good. Singularly modest about his own attainments, he never seemed to desire a share of the higher teaching. So he spent forty years in comparatively dull work, with unfailing zeal. What an example, to those who come after him, of patience, of humility, and of enthusiasm!

Such a man could not be exactly a popular house master. The standard of conduct and manners which he set by example and precept

was too exacting to please average boys or parents. His deep sense of responsibility sometimes made him over-careful, allowing scarcely enough of independence; and it was not every boy who discovered what a tender heart lay behind the stern face. But many of the best of them understood. One such wrote at the time of his death: 'It was the *man* that we loved and respected. Since the time when, as the first head of his house, I had the privilege of getting to know him, he has always been to me the ideal of quiet strength, of high principle, and of unfaltering devotion to duty. If I may venture to express it in a word, it was his "uprightness" that, as a boy and as a man, has always impressed me.' And even before they learned to appreciate him they were moulded by his quiet pressure.—'It often seemed to me', writes one of his colleagues, 'that I could see the effect of his influence growing day by day on some of his boys—weak boys gathering strength and power from his strength, and vain or conceited boys learning to know themselves.'

Perhaps Moberly's greatest service to the school was the quiet, unsought, but penetrating and ever-growing influence which he exercised over his colleagues. 'What would Moberly think of it? was a question which, I fancy,' writes one of them, 'was always at the back of men's minds; and we had the uncomfortable feeling that we were continually falling short of his standard of duty. Not

that there was ever the least fear of censorious criticism from him. We all knew that he was far sterner in his judgement of himself than in his judgement of others; but he was always there, like the public conscience of the place, and there was no getting away from it.' Not the least proof of the power which he had acquired over their minds is the fact that when (in the interregnum between Dr. David and Dr. King) he acted as Head Master for a term, every one was content to acknowledge his leadership. The same qualities, his modesty, his self-devotion, his solid strength, made him the trusted friend of five successive Head Masters, and increasingly their adviser.

Conservative by instinct, he represented in each reign the best traditions of the past, to which he was intensely loyal. Yet to each Head Master in turn he showed a personal loyalty, generous and self-suppressing, which made him their helper in carrying out reforms which had once been accepted. The last of the five expressed the feeling of all when he said in the Chapel: 'His light shone among us like that of a lighthouse, alike in times of prosperity or change, of loss or trial, always true, constant, reliable, sure.'

Only a few words can with propriety be said about two of the inner springs of his life—his married happiness and his religious faith. In 1884 he married one who till the hour of his death was a true partner in all his work and thought,

sympathizing with his joys and sustaining him in his not unfrequent depression. Most Cliftonians know how much Mrs. Moberly has contributed, directly and indirectly, to the life of the School.

Moberly was a deeply religious man. Little as he talked about his faith, every one who knew him well knew it to be the great motive power in his life; and boys in his house were strongly influenced by his rare speech and by the constant example of his quiet reverence. I sometimes think that in his self-suppression, his reverence, his unostentatious enthusiasm, and his deep tenderness, he was very like one of the Knights of the Round Table, of whom Tennyson wrote:

> Sir Bors it was
> Who spake so low and sadly at our board;
> And mighty reverent at our grace was he:
> A square-set man and honest; and his eyes,
> An out-door sign of all the warmth within,
> Smiled with his lips—a smile beneath a cloud,
> But heaven had meant it for a sunny one.

And it was Sir Bors who saw the vision of the Holy Grail.

M. G. G.